

The Substitute Bride And The Mysterious Tycoon, The Substitute Bride And The Mysterious Tycoon by Irita Sarka, c6

Celia didn't wake up until the next day.

She was completely undressed. She was afraid and embarrassed as she stared at the man lying next to her. The scar on his waist was the next thing she saw.

It was just absurd.

Last night, she had slept with a stranger. Although she had been dizzy, she had a faint recollection of them doing it many times the night before.

She wiped her brow with conflicting feelings as she glanced at the blood mark on the bedsheet.

Unfortunately, a complete stranger had taken her virginity.

She had no idea how this had transpired. The fact that this man had a really attractive face didn't help her feel any better.

The Kane family was to blame for her situation.

She was remorseful and resentful. Adrien couldn't possibly be trusted, could he? It was unforgivable what he and Cerissa had done to her!

Her rage was out of control. She must return to the Kanes to seek retribution!

Celia moved to the opposite side of the bed after seeing her clothing strewn on the floor.

She felt as if her body had been ripped apart after a wild night, and her private parts were still stinging somewhat. She would most likely remember yesterday night for the rest of her life.

She gathered her belongings. As she glanced up, she saw the man's serene sleeping face.

His features were remarkable and he had a really attractive face. He had thick lashes and brows. He had a detached demeanor about him, isolated and impenetrable. But that simply added to his allure.

Celia had been enticed. She leaned in and brushed her finger over his lips and Adam's apple.

She recalled how soft his lips were and how much pleasure his strong body had given her.

Her cheeks were flushed. Her skin felt a prickling feeling that heated her body.

She quickly removed her hand, terrified by her own response.

At that moment, she thought she was insane.

She was actually enthralled by a complete stranger and reached out to touch him.

The man frowned as if he were ready to awaken.

Celia was taken aback and unsure of what to do.

A man who lived in such a mansion must be wealthy and powerful. She didn't want anything to do with such a man at all. Celia had also always been a tad tense. Her thoughts were a jumble now that she had slept with a stranger.

After thinking for a while, she finally realized that she had to go.

It was better to get out of there before he woke up.

Celia hurriedly put on her wedding dress and left behind all of her cash. Before she snuck

out on tiptoe, she wrote a note and left it on the bedside table.

The sleeping man opened his eyes as soon as she walked away.

He had a strict sleeping pattern. Before Celia had woken up, he was already awake. He feigned to be sleeping simply to see how she would react. After all, she was the Shaw family's choice for his bride.

Her response, on the other hand, was a bit unexpected. She didn't believe he was to blame for what had transpired. Instead, she stopped the connection abruptly.

It seemed that his bride ran away again.

He was at a loss for words to express his emotions. He took the note from the bedside table and read the lovely lines on it. It said, "I know you're wealthy, but I never fail to pay my bills. Here's the money in exchange for your services. Since we are even, let's go our own ways."

He shifted his gaze to the bedside table. It did really have a heap of crumpled bills on it.

After taking another look at the note, he read the line, "Pay my bills." His mouth involuntarily twitched.

Did she think what happened last night was a service from him and she had to pay him?

This girl started to pique his curiosity.

He picked up his phone and called Briar. "Watch over the girl from last night."

Briar stopped for a moment, then immediately said, "Yes, sir."

"Also, look into the wedding car's driver and bodyguard and find out who their employer is."

She was the prospective spouse that the Shaw family had in mind for him. The day before, she wasn't at the Shaws' house for whatever reason. They weren't going to make things easy for her at all. They would surely take some kind of action.

And he wasn't going to let this go.

After all, they did have s*x the night before. Last night was supposed to be their wedding night.

Suddenly, his phone rang once more. Wayne Evans, his closest buddy, was contacting him.

"Where have you been yesterday? Why didn't you marry Miss Kane? The Shaw family is in chaos!" Wayne's worried voice echoed right after the call was picked up.

However, he gave no response. Anxious, Wayne asked again, "What were you doing last night?"

"I have been consummating my marriage," he replied in a callous tone before hanging up the phone.

He placed his phone down and examined the crimson mark on the sheet. On his thin lips, a small grin developed. A slight sensation of expectancy developed in his heart as he softly touched the note with his fingers.

He was curious as to what would happen the next time they met.

5/5 - (1 vote)